

A Fawcett Publication

SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

JULY

10¢

NO. 3



IN THIS ISSUE:
**THE TROUBLESOME
TREASURE!**

MUSTANG MACK

FAST THINKER!

GOSH, THIS SHORE
IS A FANCY PARTY
THE BOSS IS
THROWING!

THAT'S THE BOSS! I OPINE I'LL GO
OVER AND TELL HIM WHAT A SWELL
SHINDIG THIS IS! I WANT TUN
KEEP ON THE GOOD SIDE
OF HIM!

HOWDY, BOSS!
YUN SHORE KNOW
HOW TUN GIVE
A PARTY!

THANKS,
MUSTANG
MACK!

HEH, HEH, LOOK AT
THAT HOMBRE, BOSS!
HE'S NUTS!

HUH?
(GRRR)

WHAT DO YUN
MEAN NUTS?
THAT'S MUH
BROTHER!

GULP! THE
BOSS' BROTHER!
I'VE GOT TUN
THINK OF SOME-
THING FAST OR
I'LL BE OUT OF
A JOB!

ER, I MEAN AS
A DANCER,
HE'S NUTS SO BAD!



SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN • Executive Editor WILL LIEBERSON • Editor C. V. WOODS • Art Editor AL JETTER

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LA RUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
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ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

SMILEY BURNETTE

AND WILLIAM, THE WICKED, WORRISOME WOLF!

Some soft, eastern dudes think that a wolf is merely a man who whistles at pretty girls! Smiley Burnette, rugged publisher of Burnette's Bugle, could tell them different-----a **WHOLE LOT DIFFERENT!**



INTRODUCING, SMILEY'S NEW ASSISTANT AND PRINTER'S DEVIL, THE LAUGHABLE, LOVE-ABLE LAD....
MIGUELITO!

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SUMMER IN ROCK HEAD TERRITORY! AND THAT LUCKY OLD SUN HAS NOTHING TO DO BUT...



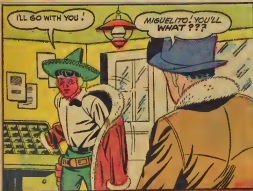
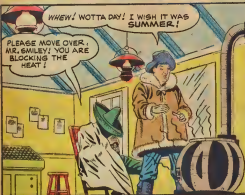
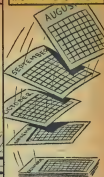
...NOTHING TO DO BUT BLISTER MR. SMILEY BURNETTE!

WHEW! WOTTA DAY! I WISH IT WAS WINTER!

PLEASE DO NOT MOVE, MR. SMILEY! YOUR SHADOW IS VERY COOLING!



MONTHS FLY BY! THEN-



SMILEY PREPARES FOR HIS PERILOUS JOURNEY.



OW-OO-EEE-OO!



SOME DISTANCE AHEAD.

CRACK
CRASH

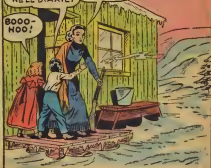
THE WOLVES TROT AWAY FROM THE STORE HOUSE AT WIDOW WESDE'S FARM CARRYING CHOICE CUTS OF BEEF.

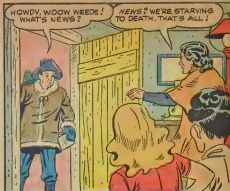
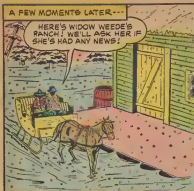


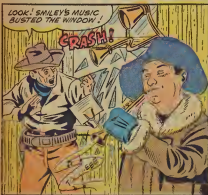
HEARING THE NOISE, WIDOW WESDE RUSHES OUTSIDE-



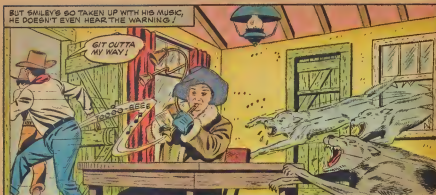
WE GOT AWAY AND STOLE ALL OUR FOOD! WE'LL STARVE!

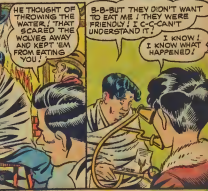






BUT SMILEY'S SO TAKEN UP WITH HIS MUSIC, HE DOESN'T EVEN HEAR THE WARNING!











THE SLEIGH PLUNGES DOWNHILL! TOO LATE, WILY WILLIAM REALIZES HE'S BEEN OUTSMARTED AT LAST!



WHOOOSH! THE SLEIGH SPEEDS ACROSS THE BROAD RIVER ICE!



IN MID-RIVER THE SLEIGH OVER-TURNS, THE ICE CRACKS, WICKED WILLIAM AND HIS FEROCIOUS FIVE ARE BEING CARRIED DOWN STREAM, FAR AWAY FROM THE CATTLE COUNTRY!



COME OUT NOW, MR. SMILEY! THE WOLVES ALL FLOATED AWAY! LET'S GO HOME AND WRITE THE STORY!



LATER, IN THE BUGLE OFFICE--

MIGUELITO, HAVE YOU GOT THAT HEADLINE PROOF READY?

YES, I WROTE IT MYSELF!



MONTHS FLY! AND IT'S SUMMER AGAIN!

WHY! SHORE IS A HOT DAY FOR PRACTISING MUSIC! I WISH IT WAS WINTER!

OH, IT'S NOT SO BAD!



IN FACT, THERE IS QUITE A BREEZE!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF SMILEY BURNETTE IN SIX-GUN HEROES AND HIS OWN MAGAZINE, SMILEY BURNETTE'S WESTERN!

RED EAGLE

and THE DESERTER!

WHEN THE OLD CHIEF PRONOUNCED RED EAGLE NEW CHIEF OF THE TRIBE, THERE WERE THOSE WHO HATED HIS CHOICE! BUT DESPITE THEIR SECRET SCHEMES, THEY FIND YOUNG RED EAGLE IS A CHIEF IN MORE THAN NAME!

THAT CHIEF'S HEADDRESS WILL NEVER FIT YOU, TRAITOR!

OOH!

SOCK!



LED BY THE JEALOUS BRAVE, BROKEN TWIG, A PLOT IS HATCHED AGAINST THE YOUNG CHIEF, RED EAGLE!

WE CAN RID OURSELVES OF RED EAGLE IF WE SHOW THE PEOPLE HE IS NOT MAN ENOUGH TO BE CHIEF!



BUT TO DO THAT WE MUST SHOW HIM UP BEFORE THE OTHERS!

GATHER CLOSE AND LISTEN! I HAVE A PLAN THAT CANNOT FAIL!



A FEW DAYS LATER, RED EAGLE ARISES TO FIND ---

ONE OF OUR BRAVES HAS FLED IN THE NIGHT, OH MIGHTY CHIEF!

YES, HE HAS BECOME A DESERTER AND DESERTERS BRING DISHONOR UPON A TRIBE!





MY ENEMIES WILL FIND THAT RED EAGLE IS NOT SO EASILY FOOLED! BUT FOR NOW, I WILL FOLLOW THIS TRAIL AS THEY INTEND ME TO!



AT DUSK, RED EAGLE SIGHTS THE DESERTER---

THERE HE IS, AND PLAINLY, IT IS MEANT I SHOULD CAPTURE HIM! BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS! I'LL WAIT HERE AND WATCH---



SOON AFTER--

WHERE IS RED EAGLE? WE WERE SURE HE WOULD HAVE FOUND AND TAKEN YOU BY NOW!



WE WERE ALL SET TO FOUNCE UPON HIM AND DO HIM IN ONCE AND FOR ALL!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HIS NOT HAVING FOUND ME YET! BUT IT'S BEST YOU HIDE IN THE BUSHES! HE MAY COME AT ANY TIME!



THE DESERTER WAS TO DRAW ME HERE TO BE AMBUSHED! BUT I WILL DO THE SURPRISING NOW!



AND SO, LIKE AN ARROW, RED EAGLE SPRINGS---

YOUR PLANS HAVE GONE ASTRAY, VILE TRAITORS!!

WHA--OWOO!



YEEAAA!!!



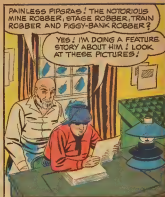


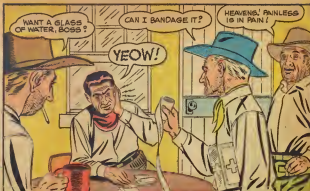
SMILEY and THE TERRIBLE TOOTH!



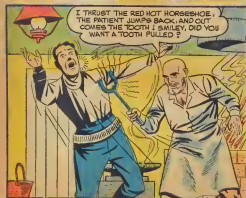
ONE FINE MORNING, EDITOR SMILEY BURNETTE FINDS HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH PAINLESS PIPERS, THE OUTLAW!

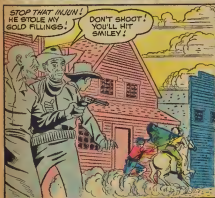
















THE ANNIVERSARY

By Dick Kraus

HIGH on Tulare Ridge, Carl Graham paused with one hand resting on a rough-hewn fence post. Looking down, he could see the frame house, partly hidden by a fringe of willows. Anne was in there, he knew, with the babies. Past the house, he could see the acres that he had put into alfalfa and wheat—and past that he could see his herd of white-faced mavericks grazing on the green hillside. It was a good spread . . . worth all of the six years he and Anne had put into it.

But, as he looked down over his land, Carl Graham's face grew troubled. For, within the last few months, a problem had arisen for the little ranchers and farmers of the Tulare Ridge. It had come in the person of Big Jeff Hanson, a heavy-handed, wealthy rancher who had moved into the vicinity and bought up broad stretches of the lush grazing land.

Standing there by the fence post, Carl Graham suddenly tensed. His eyes narrowed in the early summer dusk. For riding toward him, up across the ridge, were several men. And in the center of them, he could see Big Jeff Hanson, his face expressionless in the shade of his broad-brimmed sombrero.

The wealthy cattleman reined his bay horse up sharply in front of Carl Graham. "I thought I'd find you here, Mister," he husked, in an arrogant, challenging voice. "Admiring your spread? I must admit, it looks kind of purty!"

"I like it, Hanson," the young rancher replied softly. "It's taken me six years to build it up!"

Big Jeff Hanson laughed. But there was no humor in the sound. "Six years, eh?" he repeated. Suddenly his voice changed. "Listen, Graham. I'm giving you your last chance, just like the rest of the two-bit nesters in this valley. I don't like your fences, and I don't like your wheat and alfalfa. I don't like your whining brats, and I want your land. I'm willing to pay five dollars an acre. But pay or no pay, you're getting out. You and the others. If not, remember what happened to Wayne Martin . . ."

Face taut and white in the dusk, Carl Graham stared at the big man and at the riders

behind him. Some of them he knew by name and others by reputation. They were gun-slicks—all, hard, scarred men who would fight at the drop of a hat—who would kill for pay. These were the men that Big Jeff Hanson had hired to help him rule the Tulare country!

"I remember Wayne Martin," the rancher said. "I can't forget what happened to him . . ."

"See that you don't!" taunted Hanson. He wheeled the bay. "I'm giving you a day to make up your mind! Come on, boys!"

HIS face drawn and worried, Carl Graham watched the cattleman and his hired thugs ride off down the slope. What Hanson had said was no idle threat. For the last months, Wayne Martin had been the most stubborn of the little ranchers in resisting Big Jeff! Two days ago, Martin's house and barn had burned down in the night.

Suddenly Carl Graham's fists clenched. "I ain't going to have that happen to Anne and me!" he muttered. "There must be a way! I reckon the other boys are in town tonight. It's Saturday. I'm taking a ride in to see them—to see what they're going to do about Hanson!"

Saddling up his roan mare, the rancher was in the town of Tulare within an hour. There, huddled on the main street in whispering groups, he found the other little ranchers and farmers of the vicinity. They were talking about only one thing—Big Jeff Hanson's ultimatum.

"Five dollars an acre!" one of them protested bitterly. "With all the work we've put in, it's worth fifteen dollars and more!"

An old-timer struck one fist into the other. "We all got visits from him and his gang today, Carl," he said. "Made us all the same offer, and the same threat. And I reckon, with those hired killers he's got—every one a mean hombre, half of them wanted by the law—there isn't much we can do. Can't fight that kind of power!"

There was silence among the clustered men.

Then Carl Graham burst out, "Maybe that's the way you feel. But I don't like living and being afraid of my own shadow! I'd rather have the showdown—to finish it once and for all."

HE broke off and stared at a rider coming down the street at a fast lope. It was young Jimmy Martin, Wayne Martin's oldest son. The boy flung himself from his father's horse.

"What happened, Jimmy?" one of the ranchers asked.

Lifting tear-stained eyes to them, the youth exclaimed, "Dad went out to round up the herd tonight. We found him, an hour later—all beat up! His arm's broken and he's all knocked around. It was the Hanson bunch," he said. "They set on him, five at a time. Said they would make an example of him. Burning the house wasn't enough. They had to nearly kill him! I've come for a doctor . . ."

"That settles it!" Carl Graham whirled toward the other men. "Do you want the same thing to happen to you?" he asked. "Beat up and burned out, one at a time? Maybe killed? Or will you get off the land like whipped puppies and let this bully and his hired gunmen ruin your lives? Or will you all stick together? There are enough of us. Let's get moving and settle this right now."

A low-throated rumble from the circle of faces around him was his only answer. As one man, the ranchers and farmers moved toward their horses.

Big Jeff Hanson was pleased. Mighty pleased. He and his boys had covered a lot of ground today . . . put fear into a lot of sniveling nesters! And plus that, they had done a job on that ornery Wayne Martin. He'd asked for it, all right.

Now, sitting in the comfortable bunkhouse of his sprawling ranch, Big Jeff puffed at a cigar. His boys were all around him, playing cards, drinking, relaxing. He had picked good men—every one a handy hombre in a ruckus. He had nothing to worry about. Soon the Tulare land would be his.

That was when the fist sounded against the bunkhouse door, pounding heavily. Big Jeff Hanson put down the cigar. All faces turned toward the door.

"Come in," he called.

The door swung open. There stood Carl Graham, a shotgun in his hand. Behind him, Hanson could see several of the other ranchers, each holding a rifle or shotgun. Their faces were white and grim. Suddenly there appeared at each of the other windows several more ranchers and farmers. All of them were heavily armed.

Slowly, inch by inch, Big Jeff rose. "What goes on here, Graham?" he began.

"S'bout up," said Carl Graham. "We've made our minds up, Hanson. We're not getting out. We've worked here, and we've earned the right to live here. You're getting out! You and your gunsels! But pronto!"

Hanson's eyes flickered from side to side. His boys were ready, slit-eyed, hands hovering over Colts! They were waiting for his words. "All right!" he shouted hoarsely. "Blast them! Teach the fools a lesson!"

Thunder burst loose in the bunkhouse! A shotgun's roar smashed the lights and left the room in cordite-reeking blackness! Red flame lanced through the darkness, and two of Big Jeff's men shrieked in pain. The ranchers and farmers stood outside the door and windows and poured unrelenting lead into the room! The fight was brief and swiftly ended.

"Stop! We—we give up!"

When a makeshift torch was lit, three of Hanson's outlaw killers and Hanson himself were found lying on the board floor beyond all pain. Two others were wounded, and the other hired thugs were caught fleeing through a rear window. Only one of the farmers was wounded.

Carl Graham looked at the other men. "I reckon that's it," he said. They pulled first and they forced the fight from the start. The sheriff'll agree to it, I reckon. It looks as if . . . it looks as if the land is ours again."

A FINE fresh wind from the prairie entered the room through a shattered pane of glass. Dancing around the room, it ruffled the pages of a calendar. Moonlight came through the window and lit up the calendar sheet brilliantly. For a moment, all eyes centered on the white sheet. It was the Fourth day of July, 1876. Looking at the calendar, Carl began to smile.

THE END

SMILEY BURNETTE

and the

"TROUBLESOME TREASURE"

I CAN'T WAIT 'TILL
I FIND MY RICH
UNCLE'S TREASURE!

SHALL I SHOOT
HIM NOW?

NO, NO!
WAIT TILL
HE FINDS
THE MINE!

The thought of secret treasure is exciting to anyone! Even to a hard-boiled newspaper editor like Smiley Burnette! But unknown dangers lurk in wait for the man who has wealth, as our hero finds out in the case of **THE TROUBLESOME TREASURE!**

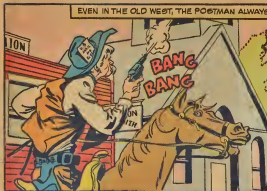
THE COMMUNITY OF ROCK HEAD DOZES PEACEFULLY UNDER THE WARM RAYS OF THE HIGH-NOON WESTERN SUN!

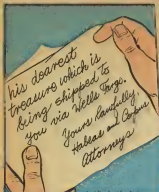
GIDDAP, BOY! THIS IS A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER AND WE'RE ONLY THREE WEEKS LATE!

BUT THAT SLEEPY CALM WILL SOON BE SHATTERED BY THESE THUNDERING HOOF BEATS ACROSS THE PLAIN!

EVEN IN THE OLD WEST, THE POSTMAN ALWAYS...

...RINGS TWICE!





EVERYONE CONGRATULATES SMILEY...



...EVERYONE EXCEPT TWO SHADY CHARACTERS UNDER A SHADY TREE!



WE'LL HIDE BEHIND SMILEY'S PREGS TILL THE WELLS FARGO MAN COMES! THEN WHEN SMILEY OPENS HIS TREASURE WE'LL POP OUT AND GRAB IT!



DAYS LATER---



LOOK! SMILEY'S TREASURE! IT'S HERE!

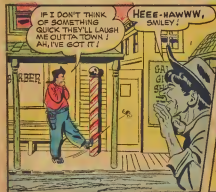
GOSH, IT'S BIG! MUST BE A BILLION DOLLARS!

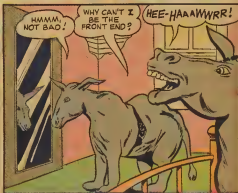
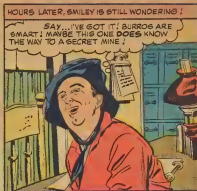


THE TREASURE IS MOVED INTO THE BUGLE OFFICE AND--

GOLLY! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT MY UNCLE WILLED ME!







THE NEXT MORNING, SMILEY SETS OUT!

WE'LL TAKE IT EASY, RING EYE! WE DON'T WANT TO TIRE OUT OUR BURRO!

THANK GOODNESS!

SHH!

OLD PROSPECTORS SAY THESE BURROS ARE PLENTY SMART!

I'VE GOT TO REST!

SHH!

SOME PROSPECTORS SAY THEY'D RATHER HAVE HALF A BURRO THAN A WHOLE HORSE!

PRETTY STEEP, RING EYE! CAN YOU MAKE IT?

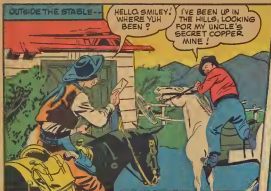
WHOOOPS!

WE DIDN'T SQUASH YOU, DID WE, LITTLE BURRO?

SMACK!

WELL, I GUESS WE'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH! NOW, BURRO, LEAD ME TO THE SECRET MINE!






HALFWIT



HACK

A CUT PRICE!



A man with a wide-eyed, nervous expression is riding a white horse. He is wearing a bright red jacket over a blue shirt with a matching neckerchief, and a black cowboy hat. In his right hand, he holds a revolver. The horse is white with a dark mane and tail. The background consists of dense green foliage. A large, white, cloud-shaped speech bubble is positioned in the lower-left foreground, containing text.

DON'T BE
SCARED, RING EYE!
I'LL PROTECT YUH
FROM THOSE VARMINTS!
JUST LET ME HIDE
BEHIND YUH
A LITTLE
MORE!